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'Genius' is prais'd, but hungry lives & cold —
(Bay.)

By fools 'tis hated, & by knaves undone.
(Pope.)

THERE is a sensation of sublimity experienced, in the contemplation of nature after a terrible storm. The desolated harvest, the uprooted ~~up~~ trees, the smile of beauty, and the fields of plenty, done away; all however distressing, cause an involuntary elevation of moral feeling. The towering city levelled by an earthquake, or burnt to the dust by devouring flame, has a similar influence upon the mind. The

sensations produced by beholding a field immediately after a battle, strewed with dead bodies, and steaming with gore, are mingled with something more painful; — the sympathies of our nature are awakened; we gaze with horror on the murderous scene; we tremble as we reflect upon the waste of life & of blood, the fall of promise, the untimely end of genius, & courage.

But in the contemplation of the hopeless wreck of mind; the pinnacles of genius tumbled to the ground; the ardor of aspiring talent quenched in that cold & dreary torpor which denies exertion, & freezes every faculty; — we experience a chill through every nerve. The spectacle is far more sublime than any of those we have mentioned; but there is a grandeur which appals; —

there is a desolation from which we start; the wreck of hope, of enterprize, of genius, is far more dreadful than the darkest desolation which nature ever felt.

But we mean not to speak on that worst of all human maladies, — madness. We mean not to draw aside the veil, which would present such an appalling image to our view. There is something in the wreck of reason from which we turn in dismay. The spirit hurled from her seat of pride & eminence, will not brook the gaze of him, who cannot participate in its humiliation. There is hope in the desolate harvest, the overthrown city; the murdered combatants on the field of blood have resigned their lives, their places are supplied by others, and their mem-

-ory is soon forgotten; yea, even it may often be said,

How beautiful in death
The warrior's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond affection's breath,
And washed by woman's tears!

(Montgomery.)

But oh! that hopeless glare of madness, that gaze of despair, that absence of intelligence, and light, and lustre; that want of human sympathy, and human enjoyment;— it is too dreadful a theme for a moment to dwell upon it.

But nearly bordering on the commiseration we feel for such a spectacle, but with less of its horror, is the sensation resulting from contemplating genius bowed Down by sorrow and by disappointment into hopeless despondence, and dark and dreary melancholy. The annals of literature bear in their pages

many examples of the victims of this dreadful situation. Unable to endure the scorn of the world, they have sunk into total inaction. They have withdrawn themselves not only from the troubles, but also from the enjoyments of life. The causes which led to their disappointments, still operate upon their minds with undiminished violence. They neglect those researches which mankind treated with contempt; they cannot bear to turn to those sources of information, which though once their highest delight, now serve only to recall painful recollections, & revive associations which wither every nerve. There is nothing so grand on earth as the aspiring flight of successful genius; but there is nothing so pitiable as that genius, grovelling in the dust, incapable of exertion,

with neither inclination to resume former avocations, nor ability to pursue them.

There is a certain solitariness of feeling in true genius, of which secondary minds have little or no conception. Minds of a high order stand as it were aloof from the rest of mankind. ~~Genius~~ They hold little communication with others in an intellectual point of view. There is no point of contact, no method of approach. They claim homage, & inspire respect, but cannot hold intercourse with the rest of mankind. The latter cannot enter their feelings, nor conceive the causes of their actions. We may therefore easily imagine that it is partly instinctive in all sordid, base, and grovelling minds, to experience sensations of the vilest envy and malevolence towards all

men possessed of genius, and warm with feeling. They watch with the pertinacious cruelty of the tiger, the least flaw in their character; they hold their failings up to the bare aspect of the world, and throw the veil of deformity & misrepresentation over every action which might ennoble their objects of their envy in the eyes of the world, & over every virtue which might make them ornaments of society. They pour the full torrent of slander and invective upon every thing they behold which is lovely and estimable in character, fertile in genius, calculated to inspire the awe & the reverence of humanity. Their malevolence is ever on the alert; and no exertions of mental energy, (it sometimes happens,-) no lofty superiority of talent and acquirement, no purity of life, of conduct,

no brightness of example, can ward away the storm which threatens to destroy all in its desolating career. When the object of their dastardly endeavors is at length overthrown, when the feelings of mankind towards them are changed into aversion, and they behold those who once stood forth in all the glory of conscious pre-eminence, harrowed by disappointment, and smarting under the stings of an ungateful & undiscerning world;- them,

With hand unkindness' alter'd eye
They mock the tear they forced to flow;

they triumph in the prostration of excellence, the defeat of manly and laudable exertion; like the vampire-bat of South America, they watch the prostration of genius, only to suck its life's-blood, and drain its every vein. Even the mighty ~~[illegible]~~ feel awed as they pass beneath the walls of some

loftily towering castle; but the very lowest of beings exults over its fallen grandeur, and profanes the sacredness of its former glory.

But even prostrated genius claims the admiration & awe of mankind. The Lord of the forest, even enraged and enchained, we cannot behold without a shudder.

The tower by war & tempest bent,
While yet remains one battlement,
Demands & daunts the stranger's eye;
Each ivied arch, & pillar lone
Pleads haughtily for glories gone! (a)

The base and the malevolent that have wrought the ruin of exalted genius, tremble still to approach. The latter is fallen, but not reduced to a level with themselves; it has bowed its haughty crest, but is still as far removed from them as ever.

(a) Lord Byron – Giaour –

Genius, therefore, as we before remarked, is a solitary feeling. It is only by the collision also of great minds, that much fire is produced. Inferior minds may elicit a few sparks from their superiors, but there never arises that bright flash of intelligence, which throws its stream of light and lustre on every thing around. But the man of genius, whether in the full tide of success, or in the dust and gloom of disappointment, still is alone. His thoughts, his feelings are his own. Inferior faculties can not participate in them; and he feels so totally unsuited to mingle with such minds, that he locks up his thoughts within his own breast, unless a kindred mind forces him to action.

Allowing all we have said to be correct, it is no wonder that mankind in general are insensible

to the misfortunes of genius; and that its calamities excite scarcely any commiseration, but rather an opposite feeling. But by this treatment, the fallen mind sinks into deeper despondence; and unless religion comes with her renovating influence to cheer and to enlighten, the consequences cannot be calculated. Chatterton was not the only proof of these assertions. Many, and many, we may rest assured, have experienced the same feelings; and with darker prospects; for Chatterton fell as much by his own fault as by that of others. Many are continually sinking into untimely graves, or stupid apathy; content to sigh out their sorrows in private, alike

"to Fortune & to fame unknown."

We conclude this wild and desultory number, for which we scarcely know how to apologise, with the following

ODE TO GENIUS.

The moon that trembles on the hills,
The brook that in her radiance steals,
The silver beams that gently play
Before the glad approach of day,
When all is soft, & sad, & mild,
On mountain top, or valley wild, —
I must ~~fade~~ yield their dim & sickly rays
Before the morn's awakening blaze,
No feebler ray that proudly brooks
But wide o'er all the scene in grandeur looks!

So, in dazzling lustre rising
Genius! bursts thy glowing form,
In thy beauty realising
Every ray of Glory warm!
On thine airy pinions sailing,
Breezes waft from clime to clime,
Kindred forms of beauty hailing
As they course the stream of time.

Ode to Genius

Up starts thy living ray
O'er realms of night, & everlasting day;
Up springs thy beam of light
Wide o'er the wild expanse it broods,
O'er regions ever bright,
O'er peopled realms, & dreary solitudes!
Nature gladdens at the sight,
And hails the lovely stranger that obtrudes;
Man, on thy heavenly rays
Looks with enaptur'd gaze,
And seizes from thy beams a spark
To light his toilsome mase
Through sorrow's shadowy thickets drear
& dark!

Up starts thy living ray,
Born on ætherial wings sublime
It scales the arene vault of glowing day,
It casts triumphant in that lovely clime
That poets sing, afar
Beyond the influence of this earthly star;
It roams thro' realms unseen
Where Emeralds pour their living green,
It strikes the golden lyre
Where circling spheres dispense
Their melting notes & mystic fire
Of love and innocence!

The inmost source of thought
Is open to thy will;
And men by thee are taught
The sacred joys of science' holy rill.
Thy searching ken doth pore
On dark antiquity's all-hidden lore,
Back to the font of years
Thy venturous vessel steers,
And floats along the dusky tide
Gleaning its treasures, & its boasted pride!

Thou waist the glowing strain—
Nature will madden, if it swells again!
Pause—and sweep thy gentle fingers
To a strain where sadness lingers—
Let not martial glory swell
In those notes ineffable—
Let not pomp & grandeur there
Wake upon the listening air—
Mortal ear cannot endure
Strain ethereally pure!

Thy secret touch inspired
The band of mortal birth,
Whose songs a region fired—
The bravest of the earth;
And many a minstrel since that hour
Hath owned thy renovating power,

And joyed to catch the ray
That on thy golden lyre, and heavenly
front doth play! —

But cease — adventurous song! —
Who art thou, whose mortal voice
Seeks the paean to prolong,
That to genius would rejoice?
Angels only should aspire
Such extatic strain to swell,
Bidding every golden lyre
The triumphant tale to tell!
Trembling on the earthly air
Let thy feeble accents cease —
Let thy noblest notes despair —
Bid thy loudest echoes — Peace!
Genius will not ask thine aid —
'Twould but cover him with shade —
'Twould but gloom that lovely brow
Bright with heaven's extatic glow —
'Twould but cast a darksome veil
O'er the proud & glorious tale! —
Fond enthusiast — cease thy strain —
Still in silence sad remain —
Unless from his bright source of
day,

His hand vouchsafe one gentle ray –
Then thy burning hand may receive –
Then nor mood nor measure keep,
Brightly then awake they fire,
Strike forever more thy lyre!

E.